

*The history*

selfe, well the Gods are aboue, time must friend or end well  
*Troilus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector*  
 is not a better man then *Troilus*.

*Cres.* Excuse me. *Pand.* He is elder.

*Cres.* Pardon me, pardon me.

*Pand.* Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me another  
 tale when th'others come too't, *Hector* shall not haue his  
 will this yeare.

*Cres.* He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.

*Pand.* Nor his qualities.

*Cres.* No matter. *Pand.* Nor his beartie.

*Cres.* I would not become him, his own's better.

*Pand.* You haue no iudgement neece; *Hellen* her selfe  
 swore th'other day that *Troilus* for a browne fauour (for so  
 tis I must confesse) not browne neither.

*Cres.* No, but browne.

*Pand.* Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

*Cres.* To say the truth, true and not true.

*Pand.* She praisd his complexion aboue *Paris*.

*Cres.* Why *Paris* hath colour inough. *Pand.* So he has.

*Cres.* Then *Troilus* should haue too much, if shee praisd  
 him aboue, his complexion is higher then this, hee  
 hauing colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming  
 a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Helens* golden  
 tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

*Pand.* I sweare to you I thinke *Helen* loues him better then

*Cres.* Then shees a merry greeke indeed. (*Paris*.)

*Pand.* Nay I am sure she dooes, she came to him th'other  
 day into the compast window, and you know hee has not  
 past three or foure haire on his chinne.

*Cres.* Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring  
 his particulars therein to a total.

*Pand.* Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three  
 pound liste as much as his brother *Hector*.

*Cres.* Is he so yong a man, and so old a lister.

*Pand.* But to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues him, shee  
 came and puts mee her white hand to his clouen chin.

*Cres.* Iuno haue mercy, how came it clouen?

*Pand.*

*of Troilus and Cressida*

*Pan.* Why, you know tis dim  
 I thinke his smyling becomes  
 all Phrigia. *Cres.* Oh he sm

*Pan.* Dooes hee not?

*Cres.* Oh yes, and twere a clow

*Pan.* Why go to then, but to  
 loues *Troilus*.

*Cres.* *Troilus* wil stand to thee

*Pan.* *Troilus*, why hee esteem  
 steeme an addle egge:

*Cres.* If you loue an addle egge  
 head you would eate chickens it

*Pan.* I cannot chuse but laugh  
 his chin, indeed shee has a marue  
 confesse.

*Cres.* Without the rack.

*Pan.* And shee takes vpon he  
 his chinne.

*Cres.* Alas poore chin many a

*Pan.* But there was such laugh  
 that her eyes ran ore.

*Cres.* With millstones.

*Pan.* And *Cassandra* laught.

*Cres.* But there was a more te  
 of her eyes: did her eyes run ore

*Pan.* And *Hector* laught.

*Cres.* At what was all this laug

*Pan.* Marry at the white heare  
 his chin.

*Cres.* And t'had beene a gr  
 laught too.

*Pan.* They laught not so much  
 ty answerd.

*Cres.* What was his answer?

*Pan.* Quoth shee heere's but r  
 chinne; and one of them is white.

*Cres.* This is her question.

*Pan.* Thats true, make no que